ALBIANA.

A

POEM

Humbly Offered to the

MEMORY

Of Our LATE

Sovereign Lady,

MARY,

QUEEN of ENGLAND, &c.

Addreſs'd to Her Royal Highneſs.

By Mr. *Dove.*

——*Quibus juſti Cauſam narrabo Doloris,* R. Rapin.

LONDON:

Printed for *Daniel Dring* at the *Harrow* at the Corner of *Chancery-Lane* in *Fleetſtreet*; and Sold by *John Whitlock*, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1695.

18

ALBIANA

A

POEM

Humbly Offered to the

MEMORY

of the

Sobereign Lady,

MARY

QUEEN of ENGLAND, &c.

Addressed to Her Royal Highness.

By M. D.

733:15

Quibus jussit Carolus Maurus Deferri, &c. Rapina.

LONDON:

Printed for Daniel Drew at the Harrow at the Corner of Chancery-Lane in Fleet-street; and Sold by John Whitlock near Stationers-Hall, 1695.

ALBIANA.

A POEM, &c.

BEhold! the Tragick Scene does nearer draw!
Was ever such a Solemn Pomp of Woe?
The *Royal Sister*, all dissolv'd in Tears;
And for deep Mourning, deepest Sorrow wears.
The Weeping Prelates, and the Mournful Chief
Of *ALBION* weep; and Boundless is their Grief.

But loe! when Present at the Fatal Tomb!
Nature's abode; and Earth's obscuring womb:
Which must from Humane Sight, for ever screen
The *British* Glory, in the *British* Queen.
Our Grief renews; and on each Face appears
Deep signs of Sorrow; mix'd with wilder Fears.

The Languid *Princeſs*, ſighing o'er the Grave
Like *Rachel* weeps, and will no Comfort have.
For Grief in ſuch extremity is ſhown,
As if with Tears they'd melt the Marble down.

Who can leſs grieve, to view the diſmal Scene?
Pale Death Exulting, o'er a conquer'd *Queen*.
A Queen, whoſe Life with circling Glory ſhone
Bright as the Day, and ſplendid as the Noon.
Mighty in Power; and in a *Kingdom* Great;
The early Care, but late neglect of Fate.
Inhumane Death! Thou Mortal Bane to Joy!
Quick in Revenge, and ready to deſtroy.
Cou'd nought, but Sacred Majeſty aſſwage
Thy Watchful Envy and thy Boyling Rage?
Worſt of all Ills! How juſtly we complain!
The Fate of Her; in whoſe thrice Happy Reign;
The true Religion ſmil'd; and Genial Peace
Did ever Bloom, and with her Years increaſe.

How cou'd that Empire fall? Or how decay?
When Pious Virtue did the Scepter ſway.
In her; Devotion was that Flaming Sword
The *Cherub* held, our *Eden*-Land to Guard.
I'th'mid'ſt of Empire, Hem'd about with Care,
She ſaw more need, to be more Pious far.

And

And tho', ſhe had leſs leiſure, than before;
To be Devout; Yet ſtill ſhe Pray'd the more.
So much ſhe Pray'd, ſo much her God did grant:
Heav'n ſcarce had Bleſſing to ſupply her want.
In Acts Religious, ſhe wou'd perſevere;
Nor, to the Sabbath, wou'd thoſe Acts deferr;
Since ev'ry Day, that Sabbath, was to her.
And as above, the Angels never ceaſe
From Hallelujahs, Prayer, and Songs of Peace.
So, From Devotion; ſhe wou'd never ſtay;
But wou'd contemplate, when ſhe cou'd not Pray.
So Full of Heav'n; Her Zeal was nought but Prayer;
That ſure, ſhe thought herſelf already there.
Singing amidſt a Quire of Cherubims;
Immortal Anthems, and Immortal Hymns.
So well acquainted with th' Affairs above!
That when from hence, ſhe did, (alas!) remove;
Nothing was ſtrange, nor Nothing there was new;
For what below, ſhe at a diſtance knew;
Was there Preſented, at a nearer view.

Her Love was Copious, as her Boundleſs mind;
Not to this Limit, or that Rule confin'd.
Grateful to all; and to th' Afflicted Free:
Piteous of Wants, and kind to Miſery.

For moſt, kind Heav'n did e'er on her beſtow,
With open hands ſhe Miniſter'd below.
Thus good ſhe was, and yet her Charity,
Was both from Pride and Oſtentation free.
Unknown to ſome, ſhe did her Gifts beſtow,
That moſt reliev'd; did ſcarce the Donor know.
Her Court, was like the Courts above; For there
The Gates of Mercy, always open are.
Wide, as her Bounty, ſo her Palace ſtood;
To which the Needy, might repair for Food.
All were admitted to partake the Dole,
And Catch the Manna, which wou'd ſurely fall.
Returning Crowds, from thence, you might have ſeen,
Returning Praiſes to their God, and *Queen*;
Matrons and Infants, buſie with her Fame;
And prattling Children liſping out her Name.
Her timely Pity did their Cries prevent,
And gave them ſhelter, from the ſtorms of Want.

Never did Grandeur ſo become a Throne;
And ne'r was Greatneſs leſs unenvy'd known.
Scarce any murmur'd, that ſhe was ſo great,
But wiſh'd her all the Donatives of Fate.
And when their Tongues, their meaning wou'd beguile,
Pleas'd in their Hearts they Curſt her with a ſmile.

How wondrous Courteous *ALBIANA* was?
When through the Crowd, she leisurely did pass?
Drawn in a Chariot! how the *Goddess* smil'd?
Awful as *Pallas*, and as *Venus* mild!
As Cedars lofty; yet submissive too;
As Flowers that stoop beneath the Morning-dew.
Humility did all her Actions move,
Her Gesture, Words, her very Looks were Love.
Adorn'd with *Britain*'s Crown, she seem'd to be
Like *Juno*'s self, and look'd as Great as She.
Yet Humble as a Shepherdess, whose Head
Does wear a Garland, that her self had made.

But Hold my Muse! Retard thy Hasty Flight!
Drive not, too near, this Radiant Source of Light.
Be not, like Daring *Icarus*, too Bold:
The Sun, at distance, we may best behold.
As unhewn Diamonds, shine not half so Bright;
But Cut asunder, dazle with their Light.
So, let us take her, as she was in all:
Spotless almost, as *Eve*, before her Fall.
Dear to her *God*, as any Woman cou'd;
Near to Perfection, and supremely good.

Beauty in Her Tranſparently did ſhine;
Outwardly Fair, and inwardly Divine.
Her Form was God-like; and with Virtue join'd
An *Angel*'s Face, and a *Seraphick* Mind.
One Look of Hers, our Paſſions wou'd controul
Charming to the Eye, and Pleaſing to the Soul.
So good; that what for Ill, ſhe did ſuſpect;
Reaſon, made Choice, and Prudence did direct.
In Empire, Vers'd, and read, in Civil Arts
She aw'd her Subjects, while ſhe gain'd their Hearts.
For Gladly, all, that Monarchy obey'd,
Where Wiſdom rul'd, and Mercy chiefly ſway'd.
To whom for Pardon muſt the Guilty plead?
Since ſhe, who was all Clemency, is dead.
To whom appeal, to ward the *Blow of Fate*?
To whom muſt Life apply for longer Date?
Since ſhe, the *Cherub*, has quite left the *Mercy-ſeat*.

Oh *ALBION* mourn; thy *ALBIANA* gone!
Speak loud of Woes, and let thy Grief be known.
You *Seas* muſt mourn! You *Rocks* and *Cliffs*, muſt weep!
And ſhed your Tears, into the Briny *Deep*.

And

And O! thou Earth! whoſe wide extended Veins,
The Hallow'd Body of the *Queen* contains.
Cou'd Fate the *Britiſh Queen* of Life Diveſt?
And Thou not groan, nor heave thy penſive Breaſt?
Thou, in a Mighty Earthquake, ſhou'd at leaſt!
Have told thy Sorrow, and thy Grief expreſt.

And O! you *Skies*! and thou blue *Firmament*!
Why, in ſome Wonder did not you lament?
Why did not you in Elemental Jars,
Declare your Loſs? Or weep in Falling Stars.

And, all ye People of this wretched *Iſle*!
Why ſtand not you around the ſacred Pile?
Why ſtand not you around her Monument?
To raiſe your Grief, and make you more lament.
But moſt of all; you *Beauties*, who have loſt
A *Queen*; whoſe Beauty, you might juſtly boaſt.
Why do not you, in wildeſt dreſs, appear?
With Garments flowing, and diſhevill'd Hair.
In ecchoing Sorrow, and a hollow Moan,
Tell to the World, your *ALBIANA*'s gone.

Oh! Why was ſuch a Soul ordain'd to ſtay,
Within the Cements of ſuch Feeble Clay?

But yet more strange! that *ALBIANA* must
Be Doom'd to mingle with *Plebeian* Dust.
Death shooting; sure, no certain aim did take,
But without knowledge, kill'd her by mistake.
And Heav'n regardless, of what pass'd below,
Stood unconcern'd, and Neuter in the Blow.

Loud be my Sorrow! louder my Complaint!
Flow fast my Tears, let Grief have no restraint.
Whilst, *ALBIANUS*, I thy Loss repeat,
Thy Mighty Loss, in *ALBIANA*'s Fate.
Now, who must Govern here, when thou art gone,
And, in thy Absence, fill the Vacant Throne?
Returning Victor from thy Martial Toil;
Who must Caress, and meet thee With a Smile?
Thy *ALBIANA*'s gone; For ever fled!
The Queen of *Britain*, and of *Beauty*'s dead.
Pale are those Lips, and that once lovely Face;
And Cold that Body, which thou did'st embrace.
Extinct those Eyes; on which thou oft has gaz'd,
Which shone like Empire, and like Glory blaz'd.
No more, her Charms, shall soften all thy Cares;
No more her Tongue, divert thy thoughts of Wars.
No more, art thou to Revel in those Arms;
Silent's that Tongue, and dead are all those Charms.

Since then Great *Monarch*, thine's the greater Grief;
We Mourn a *Queen*, but thou, what's more, a *Wife*.
And ſince, thou haſt, ſo juſt a Cauſe to mourn,
And Nothing, can the Tide of Sorrow turn.
Tumultuous War, muſt give thy Heart Relief,
And, with its Clamour, drown the Cries of Grief;
Yet may ſuch Grief, a fit Revenge afford;
And may thy Tears, be Fatal, as thy Sword.
Doubly incens'd, with Sorrow, and with Woe,
Preſs boldly on; and meet the Daring Foe.
Cover with Slaughter, all the *Belgick* Plains,
With Floods of Gore, and ſuch like dreadful Scenes;
Till Victory ſhall Court thee into Peace;
And ſweetly Calm, thy ſtormy Thoughts, to eaſe.

Oh, Heav'n! why did'ſt thou ſo much Light reveal?
And, with a Cloud, the Morning Luſtre Veil!
As one, who trav'ling late, renews his pace;
And with the Sun, wou'd gladly end his Race.
When on a ſudden, by departing Light,
He's left encompaſs'd with the Shades of Night.
So *ALBIANA*, did from hence remove
No more to ſhine but in ſome Sphere above.
Night now does all its Ghaſtly Forms diſplay;
While, wretched we, expect no Coming Day.

Now, Mighty LAUREAT, *and you Bards of Fame,*
Who have, by Verse, acquir'd a lasting Name:
You, whom ripe Judgment, and maturing time,
Have made you Fam'd, and Deathless, as your Rhime,
To you it does belong, to Deck the Hearse
Of ALBIANA, *with more manly Verse:*
For I am Young, and with wild Thoughts abound,
Walking in pathless, and uneven Ground.
But if strict Judgment did my sense Controul,
And fix'd some Limits to my roving soul:
In stronger Verse, my willing Muse shou'd tell
How ALBIANA *Liv'd, and How she Fell.*

FINIS.